

THE LATE SENATOR QUAY

incisive Comments On His Code Of Political Ethics.

For forty years Senator Quay was an officeholder, and for most of that time was the supreme authority in Pennsylvania. There never was a man in this or any other State who held such power. He dominated the government of the Commonwealth, of the counties and of the municipalities. He dictated politics, swayed political movements at will and held the command of legislation in his grasp. Yet from this unbridled power and limitless opportunity there came no good thing—only an immeasurable evil. The record will be searched in vain for an achievement in the public welfare. From this man who could make and unmake laws there is not on the statute books a single measure worthy of the grateful memory of posterity; nor is there one so corrupt in intent and so malignant in effect that it does not bear the stamp of his approval.—Philadelphia North American.

The Public Knew Him.

He had his good qualities. He is reputed to have been loyal to his friends and to his word, when he passed it in the course of his profession of politics. But the public can know him only as a politician, and in politics he was unscrupulous, untrustworthy, greedy, lawless, cunning, defiant of all the principles on which clean and worthy public life directly depends. The only limit to his scheming was the shadow of the prison portals, and through these he would have passed had he not been able to stay the hand of justice. Nor can his career be usefully cited as a warning, for in what he regarded as success his attainment was great. Wealth he had and power and association with men in high places on terms of equality or superiority, since to the last his voice was decisive in the White House in matters that he had made his special concern. Such a record is not inspiring to the youth of the nation who may be looking toward an honorable public career, save in this: With influence and means and elevated station there did not and could not go that respect and confidence of intelligent and right-minded men without which all else is as the husks the swine feed on.—New York Times.

The Moral Equation.

The expression of friendship von Senator Quay will be kindly and sympathetic. The deliberate and enduring judgment must go beyond the personal to the moral equation. It cannot fail to take account of the influences and tendencies that entered into the fabric of his leadership. If it be simply a question of political skill and mastery of men by dominant force without regard to methods, then the need of admiration may be unreserved. But if it be a higher and deeper question of moral quality and public effect, if the truer standard of public virtue which is vital to free men and free institutions be applied, then a different conclusion must be declared. His was a rule which enforced severity. It encouraged and stimulated unworthy methods. Its teachings were not elevating or inspiring. With all its potential strength and dazzling success it furnishes no ideal for youth and honorable aspiration.—Philadelphia Press.

Faithful to His Own Code.

A man of no marked personal magnetism and with no oratorical gifts, Senator Quay owed his peculiar success to natural sagacity, to intimate and familiar knowledge of every cog in the political machine of his State and to the reputation he established of having "never gone back on a friend." The message he sent to his candidate for governor—"Dear Beaver, don't talk"—was characteristic, and no small share of his influence was due to the fact that even when bitterly attacked by men with whom he had formerly acted in politics he did not retaliate by revealing what he knew to their discredit. While his political methods were deplorable, and scandal at times hovered around him, it may be said that he was faithful to his own code of ethics—which, unfortunately, did not at all points accord with the moral law or the best interests of the community.—New York Herald.

A Product of Pennsylvania.

Even the charity which is usually invoked in discussing the careers of men who have just died would be stretched too far were it to extend to the statement that Mr. Quay's influence as a political leader or a legislator was beneficial to the best interests of the people of the State or the nation, or such as to furnish a proper and inspiring text for the edu-

cation of American youth. Mr. Quay, despite the vast power which he long possessed, never wielded it for purposes that were either great or good in the best sense. He acquired and retained that power by methods which struck at the root of good government, and which if they obtained generally would necessarily mean the ruin of the republic. His career, fortunately, would not have been possible in any great State other than Pennsylvania.—Pittsburg opSt.

Vigor, Courage, Energy.

Matthew S. Quay's death ends a political career of great activity and striking interest. The Pennsylvania Senator had his faults. But he had also vigor, courage, energy and a brilliant capacity for political leadership. He leaves behind him in his native State no rival or follower who ever successfully disputed his authority or shattered his prestige in the field of politics.—New York Tribune.

Loved Political Power.

Political power, the prestige and pleasure of being the man who "pulls the wires" and "runs things," were more to him than the accumulation of wealth, although he took pains to get enough of that to surround himself with every comfort and to possess luxurious homes in Pennsylvania, Washington and Florida. He was reported to be unscrupulous, and it is certain that party success did not lose its value in his eyes if obtained by purchased votes or stuffed ballot boxes. But that was not the whole story. Mr. Quay was a man of personal magnetism, a man of warm and kindly nature, a man who did in the course of his life an immense number of friendly and helpful services to individuals—the sort of man whom it is said: "You couldn't help liking him." In the United States Senate Mr. Quay always had as many personal friends on the Democratic side of the chamber as on the Republican side, and his political power was always augmented by this genial and gentle quality in him—the quality which makes and keeps staunch friendships.—Hartford Times.

Undisputed Master.

He was the author of no inspiring measures, the recognized advocate of no consistent ideals. There was about his leadership always the suggestion of secret intrigue, relieved occasionally by a bewildering audacity. But he brought strong men into subjection or drove them baffled from public life and exalted those whom he chose, till opposition had long worn away, and, in spite of increasing years and feebleness, he had become, in the evening of his life, the undisputed master of the Commonwealth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CALL FOR SENATORIAL CONVENTION.

A convention of the Republican party of the 11th Senatorial district of West Virginia, composed of the counties of Marion, Monongalia and Taylor, is hereby called at Fairmont, in Marion county, West Virginia, on Saturday, the 21st day of June, 1904, at 2:30 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for State Senator of said district for the ensuing term, to be voted for at the general election to be held in November next, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly be brought before said convention.

The basis of representation in said convention shall be one delegate for each 100 votes or fractional part thereof over fifty cast for the Republican Presidential electors in said district at the general election held in the year 1900.

The executive committee of the Republican party in each of the counties of said district are requested to provide for the election of delegates to said convention according to the usages of said party.

Given under our hands this 28th day of May, 1904.

J. E. POWELL, Chairman.
JAMES W. HOLT, Secretary.

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THE OCEAN VAMPIRE.

A Monster Capable of Dragging a Vessel From Its Moorings.

With the possible exception of the basking shark, the sea devil, or ocean vampire, is the largest of all the monsters of the deep. An unborn ocean vampire, taken from the mother, preserved at the British museum, is five feet broad and before mounting weighed twenty pounds. The mother measured some fifteen feet in length and quite as much in breadth.

It is at all times a dangerous undertaking to attempt to capture one of these monsters, says the Sunday Magazine, but particularly so in the case of a mother accompanied by her offspring. She is quite capable of reversing the role of hunter and hunted, attacking and capsizing the boat containing her would be captors and of seeing that none of them escapes alive.

"Imagine," writes the Hon. William Elliot, in describing the exciting sport he had in hunting ocean vampires, "a monster from sixteen to twenty feet across the back, full three feet in depth, possessed of powerful yet flexible flaps or wings, with which he drives himself furiously in the water or vaults high in the air, through which he skims like some enormous bird, his feelers (commonly called horns) projecting several feet beyond his mouth and paddling all the small fry that constitute his food into that capacious receptacle, and you will have an idea, though an imperfect one, of this extraordinary fish."

The so-called "horns" to which allusion is made are a singular feature in this animal. The pectoral or breast fins, much elongated, pointed, arched in front, concave behind, stop short at the head, to reappear as frontal appendages projected on each side of the head. These appendages take the form and character of limbs, being flexible and capable of grasping prey and carrying it to the mouth. The "feelers," as they are called, are sometimes three feet or more in length and are curiously articulated at the ends so as to resemble the fingers of the human hand when clinched.

In this way fishing boats and vessels of a much larger size have been dragged from their moorings and in some cases capsized by the ocean vampire having laid hold of the anchor. An instance of this kind occurred in the harbor of Charleston. A schooner lying at anchor, suddenly and seemingly of its own volition, to the amazement and alarm of those on board, started at a furious rate across the harbor. Upon nearing the opposite shore its course changed so abruptly as almost to capsize the vessel, and it recrossed the harbor to its former moorings.

These mysterious flights across the harbor were repeated a number of times in the presence of hundreds of astonished spectators, who were utterly at a loss to account for the phenomenon. The migrations ceased as suddenly as they began. Not till then did the back and undulating flukes of an immense ocean vampire, appearing above the water of the harbor, disclose the motive power that caused it all.

One of the curious habits of the fish is to throw somersaults, sometimes at a considerable distance beneath the surface, sometimes at the surface and sometimes in the air above the surface. The reason for this peculiar practice, which is kept up for hours, has, so far as the writer knows, never been conjectured. At times the great fish will throw himself bodily as much as ten or twelve feet into the air.

The Road to Health.

Keep your vitality above the negative condition, and you will never know disease of any kind. No disease can exist where there is an abundance of pure blood. To get the necessary amount eat nutritious food, to circulate it perfectly take proper exercise, and to purify it get fresh air and sunlight. If a perfectly healthy condition of the skin exists and an even temperature of the surface of the body is maintained it is impossible to catch cold. Cold water baths taken every day will do much toward producing the former, proper food and exercise the latter. Nature gives you an alarm in the first chilly feeling. Heed it at once or pay the penalty. Take a brisk walk or run, breathe deeply and keep the mouth closed. If you are so situated that you can do neither, as in a church, lecture room or street car, breathe deeply, rapidly and noiselessly until you are satisfied that your body has passed from a negative to a positive condition.—Exchange.

Eggs.

Eggs may lose their nourishment by cooking. The yolk, raw or very slightly boiled, is exceedingly nutritious. It is, moreover, the only food for those afflicted with jaundice. When an egg has been exposed to a long continuance of culinary heat its nature is entirely changed. A slightly-boiled egg, however, is more easy of digestion than a raw one. The best accompaniment for a hard egg is vinegar. Raw eggs have a laxative effect, hard boiled the contrary. There is an idiosyncrasy in some persons which shows itself in the utter disgust which they experience not only against the egg itself, but also against any preparation of which it forms an ingredient, however slight. Eggs should always be liberally accompanied by bread.

Historic Cannon.

Four of the cannon taken from the French off Finlister in 1747 by Admiral Boscawen now fill the lowly if useful role of curb posts and lamp-posts in front of the house 2 St. James' square, London, of Boscawen's descendant, Lord Falmouth, while on Tower hill there is a row of posts on the curbstones every one of which is a cannon which has done service or has been ready to do it against England's enemies.—London Telegraph.

I have a saloon centrally located for sale quick. H. H. Lanham.

TURKISH BURIAL CUSTOMS.

Neglected Graves Lead the Cemetery to a Fantastic Appearance.

There are burial grounds attached to many of the mosques, picturesque little places filled with diminutive graves and irregular tombstones and thickly overgrown with shrubs and rosebushes. It is not the custom in Turkey to keep graves in repair, and the monumental stones, being tall and slender and generally cylindrical, soon fall out of the perpendicular, leaning in every direction and lending the cemeteries a wild and fantastic appearance.

Until Mahmud introduced the fez the headstones of men's graves were surmounted by carved representations of turbans, but since that time the fez is in universal use—scarlet when new, with a blue tassel. Upon the column below the cylinder there is frequently a long inscription, beginning with an invocation to God or a verse from the Koran, and followed by a short account of the dead man's life.

The tombstones of women either bear no symbol at all or, as in the great majority of cases, are surmounted by a sunflower or something in the nature of an arabesque or plant. The inscriptions on them are almost invariably in verse. In very rare instances persons of great importance have very elaborate monuments, which are usually ugly in proportion as they are intended to be beautiful and, like the others, are allowed to fall to ruin.

In most of these small cemeteries there are narrow, well kept walks at a lower level than the graves themselves and contrasting oddly with the wild growth of trees and shrubbery on each side. Persons reputed to have led holy lives are often buried, especially in the country, in solitary graves surrounded by elaborate gratings and covered by roofs and domes, and it is not uncommon to see them brightly illuminated at night with votive lamps.

For Mohammedans not only reverence the memory of the dead, but believe in the efficacy of their prayers and intercessions. It is a common thing, too, to see the shrubs about the graves of sainted personages covered with hundreds and even thousands of scraps of rags torn by pilgrims from their garments and stuck on the bushes in the belief that the offering will preserve the individual from sickness.

Reproving the Apostate.

In the early days of the British Royal academy reverence for the "old masters" of painting amounted almost to worship. When at a dinner Sir Martin Shee, one of the early presidents, openly expressed doubts of their infinite superiority, says a London journal, his hearers were horrified.

Sir Martin leaned across the dinner table and rapped upon it to emphasize his points.

"Now, there's Raphael!" he thundered. "What did Raphael do that we can't do better nowadays? Old master? Why, gentlemen, I'd be sorry to think we had not a dozen men in the R. A. now who can draw better than Raphael!"

The bold declaration was too much for old Woodburn, a picture dealer, who sat opposite.

"Sir Martin," he said huskily, fairly pale with emotion, "I've often heard people say they didn't admire 'Omer.' But this is the first time, sir, I've ever heard it said that it was 'Omer's fault.'"

Unconscious Humor.

In Munro's "Homeric Grammar" the author gives a curious turn to his explanation of the Greek word "loumal," which he interprets as, "I wash myself, but this is comparatively rare!" Again, Liddell and Scott in their "Standard Lexicon" give the meaning of "gnodalon" as "any wild, dangerous animal, from a lion to a worm!"

In Nagler's "Kunstler Lexikon" the best book of reference for a connoisseur of prints, we find: "Pure, Simon. The correct name of the English caricaturist known as George Cruikshank." Evidently some one had told the compiler that of the three of that name George was the real "Simon Pure!"

A good example of unconscious verification in a learned treatise occurs in Dr. Whewell's work on mechanics. "Hence no force, however great, can stretch a cord, however fine, into a horizontal line which is accurately straight."

Don't Cross Your Knees.

A medical authority has uttered a warning against the habit of sitting with one knee crossed over the other—a pose which is nowadays almost as common among women as among men. This apparently harmless habit, it seems, is likely to cause sciatica, lameness, chronic numbness, ascending paralysis, cramps, varicose veins and other evils. The reason is simple: The back of the knee, it is explained, as well as the front of the elbow and wrist, the groin and the armpit, contains nerves and blood vessels which are less adequately protected than in other parts of the body. The space behind the knee contains two large nerves, a large artery and numerous veins and lymphatic glands. It is the pressure on these nerves and vessels which is apt to give rise to the various troubles against which we are warned.—Harper's Weekly.

A King's Library.

Frederick the Great employed architects to build a library, but they fought with true professional etiquette over their designs. The monarch, who had braved the might of Europe was not to be defeated by a parcel of nagging professional men. "Confound you," said the king, "don't waste any more time! This cupboard opposite me is of a very good design; copy that." They did as they were ordered.

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